THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c

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HENRY R. WEST,
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Notary Public.

WM. OKEY & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. Office south of Public Square, formerly occupied by Hollister & Okey. mch14,'82.

George G. Jennings,
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WILL practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. Office south of Public Square, up stairs in Ketterer's building. apr14,'85.

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jan31,'82.

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apr24,'78.

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IMMENSE STOCK
—OF—
FURNITURE!
—AT—
FIELBLING & STOEHR'S,
NEAR THE DEPOT,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO

Extra inducements to customers in the way of

GOOD GOODS FOR LOW PRICES

and as cheap as the cheapest.

Wardrobes, Chairs, Tables, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Looking Glasses, Hat Racks, Picture Frames,

And everything else in the Furniture Line

Pictures Framed to Order
IN BEST OF STYLE.

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Promptly and carefully attended to. All kinds of Undertaking Goods always on hand, consisting of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and Burial Robes of all sizes. dec27,'82.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC.
Trade Mark. QUALITY PURITY STRENGTH. On Every Bottle.
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.
This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.
It is an unfailing remedy for Disease of the Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.
☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.
nov25,'84y.

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DR. B. DENNIE.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BEALLSVILLE, OHIO.
Office in the Armstrong property.
apr30,'78y

Dr. J. WAY,
Physician and Surgeon,
ELM COVE, *Washington Tp, Monroe County, Ohio.*
All calls promptly attended to, during the day or night. feb23,'69.

DR. JAMES A. McCOY,
DENTIST,
CALDWELL, OHIO,
Visits Woodsfield Regularly. I guarantee better work and use better materials than any Dentist in the county. apr15,'84

Ohio Farmers Fire Insurance Com.
LEROY, OHIO.
Insures nothing but Farm property. Rates lower than those of any other Company doing business in this county.
Assets, : : $1,187,236 03
All Losses promptly paid.
JOHN JEFFERS,
Beallsville, Ohio,
nov12,'78. Agent for Monroe County.

ORGANS.
CHURCH COMMITTEES, School Boards or private families desiring to purchase an ORGAN can procure first class instruments at lowest cash prices by calling on or addressing REV. W. T. GARROWAY,
Woodsfield, Ohio.
Estey Organs a Specialty.

A. G. W. POTTS,
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Ag't for the following Companies:
Also for Tornadoes, Cyclones, Hurricanes and Wind Storms.
AMAZON, - - Cincinnati.
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OHIO, of Dayton, - Dayton.
Applications also taken for various other Companies, all of which are the most reliable Companies in the United States. All classes of
Town and Country Buildings, Merchandise, Lumber, Stock, Grain and Farm Implements,
Insured at low rates in good Companies. Applications either by mail or in person promptly attended to. ma27,'84y.

Fine Art Marble Works,
JOHN M. EBERLE, Proprietor.
Miltonsburg, O.

DEALER IN
FINE GRANITE
MONUMENTS
Of all kinds. Also manufacturer of Monuments, Tombstones, etc., of both
Italian and American Marble,
which he will sell at prices that
DEFY COMPETITION.
Selling Granite is no experiment with me. I have been handling it so extensively this season, and competition so severe, that it was necessary to make
Special Arrangements
for selling it. Parties buying of me or of my agent, SIMON J. DORR, Woodsfield, Ohio, can secure work 25 or 30 per cent cheaper than elsewhere.
Designs and Estimates Furnished on application. Mr. Eberle is the builder of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Bellaire, Ohio. aug1,'82y.

Poetry.

IN THE SHADOWS.

BY ELLA DARE.

Waiting in the shadows for the light to come,
Waiting in the darkness for the morning sun;
So it is we blindly grope amid our aims,
So it is we meet the sorrows and the pains.

Listening in the silence a loved voice to hear,
Listening for a vanished footstep to draw near;
So it is the threads are breaking one by one,
So it is we leave our tasks when scarce begun.

Rolling through the spaces is our feeble cry,
Rolling down the ages is our burthened sigh;
So it is we greet each other as we pass,
So it is that man is bound unto the mass.

Reaching forth the helping hand our brother needs,
Reaching forth the sturdy will to do the deeds;
So it is we gain the strength to reach the height,
So it is the shadows melt into the light.

Select Story.

Junia's Nineteenth Year.

BY LANTA WILSON SMITH.

"Are you really going, June?"

"Certainly. It was my father's last wish that I should spend this year teaching a district school, and I shall do so if possible."

"What a strange request it was! And wouldn't I like to see the elegant Miss St. John rustling her rich robes among the battered benches of a district school house—"

"O, stop, Mabel Bryne! give me credit for better sense than that. My 'rustling robes' will be packed away in Cousin Jane's store room. Why, I have a complete outfit in perfect keeping with a salary of $30 a month."

"Oh, horrible! and you expect to enjoy it?"

"Why not, Mabel? It will be a relief to forget that I am an heiress. Even my nights are hideous with dreams of fortune hunters, but how happy I shall be, as a poor teacher."

"Junia, what will be your next freak? If you must leave us all and bury yourself in a place that was never heard of before why must you make a dowdy of yourself?"

"Don't worry, dear; my dresses are pretty, in good taste, and suitable for the place in which I expect to wear them. What next?"

"What will our gentlemen friends think of you, June? The star they worship sinking out of their sky to shine over a district school!"

"Their opinions make no difference to me, Mabel. I should have more respect for them all if they would do a little honest work once in a while. If I were a man I would scorn a useless life. A few of our acquaintances read law an hour or two a day, others watch their speculations, the majority lounge in their library or billiard hall, drive in the park or read novels till time to dress for dinner or ball. The greater part of life is spent in saying pretty nothings to pretty society girls. No wonder such men marry for money; it is the easiest way they know of to earn their living. O for manly men!"

"Mercy! how you go on, Junia! If your father had requested you to give a course of lectures in your 19th year I should not have wondered."

Mabel could not understand her friend's 'freak,' as she termed it One would expect her to observe her father's last wish, and she could skim over a year of teaching in a lady-like way in some of the schools near home, but to go 100 miles away, and enter into the work with heart and soul as Junia was doing, was beyond her comprehension. So it was with a great deal of curiosity that Mabel, a few weeks later, broke the seal of Junia's first letter and read:

"SANDY COVE, ——, —.

"DEAR MABEL: I have purposely delayed writing, that first impressions might settle into convictions, in order that my letter should convey no wrong ideas.

"One can make no mistake about the scenery. It is grand. A view of the sea, a sharp rocky coast line, with a tiny cove around which the village nestles. A back ground of magnificent old trees, beyond which lie the small rocky farm and pasture lands, while against the near horizon rise the grand old mountains—the everlasting hills.

"The cool sea breeze floats in through the window, bringing me the low, sad music of the breaking waves. I look out and see below me (our house is on the cliff) the village with its clustering cottages and weather-worn church and school-house standing a little apart. The sun shines warmly down upon the sparkling water where the fishermen's boats are idly drifting, and upon the silvery beach where children are playing with merry laughter and shouts of glee.

"You would not consider my present home elegant, but it is the best in the village, is very neat, comfortable and cheerful. To be sure my window might be larger, the walls of my room higher, but as long as this delicious breeze lasts I will not complain

"Widow Ferris has 'boarded the teacher' for years. The family consists of herself, the maid of all work and Mr. Norman Ferris, whom she persists in calling 'My boy, Norman,' although he is chief man of the village, must be 25, is not less than 6 feet tall, and strong enough to pick up his little mother with ease.

"He is of a scientific turn of mind, and has a 'den' in the kitchen chamber. His mother is worried over his strange propensities and was not a little comforted when I told her my father had a fondness for scientific studies. The widow herself is a fine specimen of New England womanhood, hiding under her natural reserve a wealth of devotion and motherly kindness. Since her husband's death she depends wholly upon Norman who, with the exception of a couple of years at school, has cared for the farm and now has contentedly settled down here for life. I fear he lacks energy to launch out and make his mark in the world.

"I wish you could visit my school. It would afford you rare amusement and a description can never do it justice. Scholars of all ages and all degrees of intelligence; some agreeable, some otherwise; some unruly, some obedient; but I am so interested in them. Evidently my methods are new to them. I take them out among the rocks and give them simple lessons in geology, or out on the beach and talk to them of nature, history and the treasures of the sea. It is like opening a fairy wonder book to them, and I find my reward in their bright, eager faces.

"Mabel, I was never so happy as now. My useless, frivolous life was humiliating to me; an unsatisfied longing gave me no peace. My father must have foreseen this, and provided the work in which I am now so thoroughly happy.

"It is my ambition to make this a model school of its kind. Time will tell.

"But as I have been writing the shadows have lengthened, twilight hovers over the mountains and casts its shade over the sea, so I will close this letter wishing you could enjoy with me this great scene. Your friend, JUNIA.

Presumably there are busybodies everywhere. There certainly was in Sandy Cove, and when Junia began congratulating herself on the harmony with which her school was progressing, rumors reached her ears which, spite of her efforts to the contrary, had a very depressing influence over her. Time only made matters worse. One night Widow Ferris noticed that the gloom had deepened and as she poured the tea she remarked.

"Miss St. John, you look tired tonight or discouraged, which is it?"

"A little of both, I think," she replied managing to smile faintly.

"Why, I hope nothing unpleasant has occurred in school?"

"No, nothing in school;" then turning to Norman she continued:

"I must explain and ask your advice As one of the directors I desire your approval"

"I think you have it already. I have felt so certain of your success as a teacher that I have neglected the school more than I ever did before. What difficulty has arisen?"

"In my work here I have departed from the old routine of teaching, and have tried to make study a real pleasure instead of a dull, mechanical task. My methods have been discussed by the pupils at home, and a few of the parents have sent me notes of disapproval. As I paid no attention to them general dissatisfaction seemed to arise and to-day I received this." She took from her pocket a paper and handed it to Norman who read in an amused tone:

"MISS ST JOHN: We employed you to teach our children those branches which form the foundation of all knowledge, and we respectfully request you to confine your instructions thereto, instead of neglecting these most important studies to pursue branches probably of interest to yourself, but far too advanced for the full comprehension of your pupils. ——."

Then followed a list of names. Norman laughed heartily, but seeing the real distress of Junia's face, checked his mirth and said sympathetically:

"Don't let that trouble you a moment. It is evidently the work of some busy—'

"It's scandalous," interrupted the widow indignantly. "But don't feel downhearted, Miss St. John; Norman will make it all right. I've no doubt it started from Susan Rittle; she wanted the school, and I'm sure she couldn't teach anything but the four rudiments to save her life. I just hope you won't give up to 'em.'

"I suppose the parents have a right to remonstrate if they think I am doing unwisely, I wish to convince them to the contrary. Mr. Ferris, do you think they would attend a public examination?"

"Yes; it's the very thing. I will write notices and see that the other directors are there, if you wish me to,' he replied, feeling a new interest in the young teacher whom he had hitherto scarcely noticed more than courtesy demanded.

The day of the examination came and the school house was crowded. Each class was orally examined. The scholars acquitted themselves so creditably that malicious spectators were visibly crestfallen, while many faces gleamed with satisfaction, and as the last class was dismissed the directors expressed their hearty approval of Miss St. John's management of the school Then Junia stepped out upon the platform and her sweet, clear voice had no tone of malice or exultation to mar its purity as she said:

"My friends, I thank you for your attendance this afternoon, and as I hold a place of trust over your children, I wish to explain some of my past work which has evidently been misunderstood. While I have opened before these pupils new fields of study and awakened in them an interest in various branches, I trust you are convinced that I have not neglected the common studies. My object has been to make the task of learning a pleasure; to arouse an interest for books and a love for nature.

"I will tell you the truth. The first week I taught here I was touched with pity to see the dreamy, mechanical way these children did their work—the serious, burdened faces they brought into the school room, and the hilarious joy with which they each night welcomed the close of school. In searching for some method of instructing them I remembered my own happy childhood, untrammeled by the restrictions of a schoolroom. My father was my teacher. We wandered over fields, mountains and ocean shore, learning the wonders of nature, and at night we studied the heavens above us without going too far for my childish mind or neglecting necessary rudiments. When I entered school it was only to find in the sciences old friends The research which was cheerless drudgery to some was to me a ceaseless delight, full of familiar truths which had charmed me years before.

"So I adopted my father's plan in teaching your children, and as I saw their faces brighten, and heard their eager questionings, I realized anew the benefit of awakening in a child the love for study by giving him a glimpse of the wonderful things there are to learn. I love my present work and have a deep interest in the welfare of these children. If my work is a failure it will not be through lack of earnest, conscientious endeavor.

"I see by your faces that I have your sympathy and good will, so I shall resume my work with new zeal and fresh courage."

A loud cheer was heartily given and the examination was over.

"You have had a grand victory, Miss St. John," said Norman as they climbed the cliff path together.

"Yes," she answered, smiling brightly, "I expected it."

"Why should you?" quizically.

"Because when we are in the right we may always expect success or victory," she answered confidently.

"I wish I had your faith," he remarked moodily, and the walk was finished in silence.

Going up to his "den" Norman sat down to study a model; he believed he had invented a valuable machine.

"In the right!" he murmured.

"Yes, I know I am in the right, but must I wait for success till neither defeat nor victory would have power to stir my dead heart? No, no; this year must end my struggle."

And Junia, flushed with her own success, was recalling a little contemptuously his last words to her. "Wishes he had my faith! What a grand success he might make of life. I believe he lacks energy. Whatever he is trying to do in sciences can better be done in a city than in this out-of-the-way place where there can be no assistance of any sort. But still he buries himself here—very contentedly, I fancy, and cries for more faith! Her rosy lips wore a scornful expression, and yet she could not help giving this earnest, thoughtful man her hearty respect.

Autumn, winter and spring came and went and it was summer once more. The year was nearly gone, and it had been a happy one for Junia. Her vacations had been spent in the city where she enjoyed society with a new zest. But the summer was unusually warm and she began to long for much needed rest.

One hot sultry evening when even the sea seemed faint and still, Junia's low room was oppressive She looked longingly down on the little box of a balcony under her window which shadowed the front door and wondered if it would bear her weight. Knowing that the latticework beneath was quite substantial she threw out some rugs and ventured out upon the boards. Although they creaked with every motion, as if resenting her freedom, she curled down on the rugs and delightedly drank in the quiet beauty of the night.

Presently there were footsteps along the hall and Norman, evidently in an unusual mood, threw himself down on the bench with so much emphasis as to shake the little portico, much to Junia's terror.

"The 'den' must have blown up!" she declared mentally. "I never before knew him to spend an evening out of it. What can be the matter?"

For an hour or more she remained almost motionless, for the creaking structure might betray her, and she could not compromise her dignity by letting any one know she had climbed through a window! With a sigh of relief she heard the widow, shutting doors and windows for the night, approach the hall.

"Why, Norman! you here? I came near locking you out. Why aren't you at work as usual?"

"I can't do any more till I get some money, that's all." was the low reply.

"How much will do, Norman? I have $20 laid by."

I will not use your money, mother, besides, nothing less than a $100 will do. I'm tempted to sell Prince."

"Oh! that colt is just like one of the family. Have you had a chance lately to sell the farm?" Her voice trembled.

"Mother, I've told you repeatedly that I'll never sell your old home unless you wish it sold."

"But, my boy, I can't see you wearing your life out all for nothing."

"O mother! if you only had some faith in my work. I'm certain of success now, and $100 would show you that my labor has not been in vain."

"If I could feel sure of your success, Norman. I would sacrifice anything.—But if the farm should be sold, we would have nothing left. But we might sell part; now that twenty acres on the point, I'd be glad to sell."

"Mother, dear, no one would buy that, it is scarcely more than a great rock.—But we'll dismiss the subject. I'm sorry I mentioned it. I was so annoyed to be at a complete standstill. If you could spare me for a while, I could—"

"O, Norman, you're all I've got; don't leave me yet, wait a little longer, and I am sure if it is right for you to succeed some way will be opened"

A suppressed sigh was the only answer, and they both entered the house.—When all was still, Junia crept back into her room and sat down in the darkness to think. She had heard all, although the speakers, as if not unmindful of their boarder, had spoken so low that the tones could not have penetrated her room She understood at last. A loving son struggling with his ambition, sacrificed his dearest hopes rather than leave a devoted mother or sell the poor old place so dear to her. Junia had wronged him in thought, but brave and noble he seemed as she realized that he had so completely hidden his trials under a cloak of apparent content, that she had never suspected he had a desire to know or be known outside of Sandy Cove.

A hundred dollars! What a paltry sum to her who had never felt the need of money. She longed to place a thousand at his disposal. But she knew that this proud man would accept neither a gift nor a loan from her, and she must supply his need through some strategy

In due time her lawyer in the city received the following letter:

SANDY COVE.—DEAR SIR: I desire to possess a certain tract of land near this village It is called Rocky Point, is owned by Widow Ferris, to whom any one in the place can direct you. The land is comparatively worthless, but I will pay—I desire to pay—$600 for the twenty acres. The location is fine, and I have thought of building a summer residence. You know I am a 'poor school teacher.' I can make no such purchases, but if you will prospect around here, hint at a summer residence and purchase Rocky Point, you shall be sufficiently remunerated and I will relieve you of your purchase in due time. I need not caution you to avoid all mention of my name, or, should we meet here, any recognition of

Yours truly, JUNIA ST. JOHN.

Later a stranger visited the small town to buy land. After wavering between Rocky Point and Tangle island till Norman was nearly distracted between hope and fear, he suddenly grew enthusiastic over the Point as he and Norman stood watching the sunset light fade from the sky and sea.

"Magnificent! the finest view along the coast. Mr. Ferris what will you sell this lot for?"

"What will you give me an acre?"

"Well," and the lawyer deliberately viewed his surroundings, "such a situation is really worth $50, but I'd be willing to give you $30, cash down"

"Do you mean that, sir?" asked Norman with suppressed eagerness.

"Why, certainly; and if you agree to that price, we'll make out the papers tomorrow. I'm in a hurry to get back home. What do you say?"

"If you are satisfied I certainly am," he replied as in a dream, and a few minutes later he was rushing over the cliff to his home.

He burst into the little parlor and seeing only his mother musing in the twilight, he caught her in his arms and cried out:

"O mother, mother! I've sold Rocky Point for $600—"

But his voice broke. He sank down in a chair and covered his face with his shaking hands. He had bravely fought with trials, but this unexpected deliverance completely unmanned him.

"Norman, my boy, I never thought you cared so much," quavered the widow, with her hand on his bowed head.

"It was everything to me!" came thrillingly, and Junia stole noiselessly from the room, her own eyes full of happy tears.

As the school year waned, Junia grew pale and thin. She had worked hard and been most successful, but it had told upon her physical strength, and to the unanimous request for her return to the school, this fact was the excuse for her refusal. She was a general favorite in the village, and to the inmates of the Cliffs cottage she had grown very dear.

It is said that opposite natures attract each other, but whatever the temperament, there is always a subtle sympathy between noble minds which tends to draw them together. This was the case with Norman Ferris and Junia. Each saw in the other intellectual and moral affinities, a taste for like pursuits, the same yearning of soul to make life useful and exalted. Circumstances may separate them, but such natures turn to each other as naturally, as the magnetic needle turns to the north.

Junia's school closed with a grand picnic, a joyous occasion, but as the loved teacher was to leave Sandy Cove the following day, it closed with saddened faces and tearful good-byes.

It was evening, and in the moonlight Norman and Junia were taking their last row around the little bay. The beauty of the night, and the thought of the coming separation kept them silent till at length Norman rested upon his oars and looking earnestly into the fair face before him, spoke in low tones:

"Have you any regrets at leaving us, Miss Junia?"

"It could hardly be otherwise, when my life here has been so pleasant. I should like to teach another year, but fear my strength will not permit."

"You are right. You do not know how I have longed to save you from this drudgery. It is plain that you are not accustomed to labor, and it is all the harder for you. O, Junia, let me save you from toil and care. I have little to offer now, but my prospects are flattering. I know I am not worthy of you, and so I have been silent all these months in which you have been constantly my in thoughts, but I love you Junia, and I cannot let you go away in ignorance of it. My life shall prove it if you will but stay with me." He paused for her to speak. Her voice trembled a little.

"I have no near kindred in all the world, and in my loneliness your words seem very sweet to me, but I must tell you a secret before more is said. I am not obliged to work. My father wished me to teach this one year, and I thought it best to assume the role of the dependent teacher, not dreaming that the deception would prove a serious one.—Believe me, I thank you sincerely for your wish to save me from care, and I feel honored by your preference."

"If I understand aright, you are an heiress in disguise?' questioned Norman, bitterly.

"Some would so express it," she replied.

Suddenly he enquired almost fiercely:

"Did you buy Rocky Point?"

She grew a trifle paler, but bound to be true, answered bravely:

"Through my lawyer, yes."

His face flushed hotly, his pride was wounded, and he spoke very coldly:

"The money has been of inestimable value to me, but I cannot thank you now, and furthermore, Miss St. John, I withdraw my suit until my position admits of my wooing an heiress"

There was only the sound of the oars as he rowed rapidly to the shore. Junia sat pale and silent in the stern of the boat, wondering if wealth must ever prove a curse to her, and if it would at last shut her out of heaven She watched the rapidly nearing shore and knew that henceforth they two would walk in separate paths Then her cry rang out—

"O Norman! the ledge!"

Too late; the frail boat crashed upon the sunken rocks, and they were struggling in the water. Never before had Norman forgotten to keep the channel that entered the cove. The shock, the plunge into the cold, dark water was too much for Junia, and it was an unconscious form that Norman supported as he swam to the shore. He carried her up the cliff path to his mother, under whose care she soon recovered. But in that brief space when she lay as if life had departed he felt what it would be to lose her forever, and pride was conquered

And now a fine summer residence adorns Rocky Point, where many learned men delight to pay their respects to Professor Ferris, who has become eminent in the scientific world.

Sandy Cove school building has been enlarged and beautified, supplied with all modern appliances, together with a cabinet of curiosities, and a handsome library, the gifts of Junia Ferris in memory of her 19th year.

The Veiled Mystery.

Washington special in Philadelphia Telegraph

There is one woman in the Treasury who has attracted much attention on account of the mystery surrounding her She has been in the department for years—not less than ten and though she is marked by everybody, I have never met anybody who has seen her face. It is the talk of the clerks brought most in contact with her. She is a woman of magnificent presence, a tall, fine figure, and one of the most perfect forms I have ever seen. Her appearance is that of a woman, who might possess remarkable beauty, but she always has her face enveloped in a thick veil. In the office or out, at work or walking through the halls, the veil is never removed, and the efforts of her inquisitive fellow clerks to peep under it are vain. Many susceptible young men, struck by her fine figure have quickened their step to catch up with her in the halls only to find her face hid from sight. No one can tell whether she is old or young, but she is probably not "very either" The motive for concealing her features is not known. Whether, like the "Veiled Prophet," she seeks to hide a vision of ugliness, or whether she has some other reason, is a mere matter of conjecture. Some say that her face once comported with the promise of her form—that she was exquisitely beautiful—but was the victim of smallpox, which so disfigured her face that she is ashamed to show it.

Language of the Mustache.

Even the mustache has a language of its own. When it is ragged and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of proper self control. When it is straight and orderly the reverse is the case, other things of course taken into account. If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the mustache, there is a tendency of ambition, vanity or display. When the curls turn upward there is genialty, combined with love of approbation, when the curls turn downward there is a more sedate turn of mind, not accompanied with gloom. The reverse quality is well indicated by the common portraits of Shakespeare, who was so much noted for cheerfulness and geniality in life, as those qualities are manifested in his writings. It is worthy of remark that good-tempered men will, in playing with the mustache, invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross-grained and morose men will pull obliquely downward.

An Inexperienced Housekeeper.

Mrs. Peterby has not been married very long. She has not got much experience in housekeeping, being a graduate at Vassar. Her mother-in-law, who lives in the same house, suggested, the servant having left, that she boil some water, so that Mr. Peterby could have a cup of tea when he came home.

"We can't boil any water," replied Mrs. Peterby.

"Why not?"

"Because the neighbor over the way has not brought back the boiler. How can we boil water without any boiler?"

After the mother-in-law had put on some water in the tea kettle she sent Mrs. Peterby into the kitchen to see if the water was boiling.

The young wife went into the kitchen, and after a while she came out with a dipper of hot water, and said to her mother-in-law:

"I am not an expert at housekeeping, do I want you to look at this water and see if it is boiling or not."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Slight Misunderstanding.

A lady employed a young girl about fifteen years old to assist her about her housework and one day she was making some cake, and wished to put some kind of plums in it; so she set a dish down on the table with some plums, and told the girl to stone them, and to show her how, she took up a plum and took the stone out with the remark,—

"That is the way."

Then, think the girl understood what she meant, she put the plum she had into her mouth, instead of the dish, and went away. What was her surprise a short time after, to have the girl come into the room where she was, and tell her she had eaten all she could. When the lady went into the room where she had been at work, she found she had put all the stones into the dish, and eaten all she could of the plums; she thinking that the hard pieces—meaning the stones—would soften up when baked in the cake

Boils and Carbuncles.

These are the volcanoes of the human system. They proceed from impure blood and from a riotous demoralization of the digestive organs. They are annoying, painful, and sometimes dangerous. They can be driven out by toning up the system, and this can best be done by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. Messrs. Handy & Rullman, druggists, Annapolis, Md., say, "We sell lots of Brown's Iron Bitters. All who use it seem pleased. We hear not one complaint."

An Expert Dentist.

"How much did the dentist charge you for pullin' out yer tooth?" asked a farmer's wife on her husband's return from town.

"Dollar."

"Dollar. That's too much."

"Well, he earned every cent of it. Why, Maria, it tuk that fellar better'n an hour to git that air tooth out. He hauled an' pulled an' twisted an' dragged me twicet across the floor, and I never seen a man sweat so in my hull life. I was afeered 'fore he got the blamed thing out he'd want to tax me $4 or $5. The last time I hand a tooth pulled the dentist only charged me fifty cents, but, Lord, he wasn't at it mor'n two minutes."—*Brooklyn Union*

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Ok, Oz, Ai and Po are the four postoffices in the United States whose names contain only two letters.

"LET'S TILL BABY, WILL WE?"

A Four Year Old Toddler in New York Tries to Murder Her Little Sister.

NEW YORK, May 22.—An attempted child murder occurred in Port Jefferson, L. I., yesterday. The would be murderess is a little toddler of four years, while her victim breathed its first a little over six months ago. The condition of the baby sister last night was such that its recovery could not be assured, and should it live it will be disfigured for life. On the west side of Port Jefferson Harbor stands a small frame dwelling house occupied by Madison Lewis (colored), his wife and three children, the oldest a boy of six years. Lewis is a laborer and leaves home early every morning to work on one of the farms in the neighborhood. His wife washes for the farmers. Early yesterday she left her infant sleeping in a cradle in the bedroom. Outside her four-year-old daughter Lizzie, and her son Henry were playing. After bidding them to take good care of the baby she hurried on to her work. Lizzie suddenly jumped to her feet and lisped: "Lets till baby, will we?"

The little boy followed her into the house and into the room where the baby was quietly sleeping. Placing a chair in front of a shelf on which lay the knife that her father uses in dressing fish, Lizzie obtained it, and toddled over to the side of the cradle, saying to Henry:—"Watch me." Lizzie was laughing, while the boy, half frightened for fear she was in earnest, said, "Don't hurt her, Lizzie, or she'll try." Reaching the cradle they both stood by it watching the sleeping babe, when suddenly Lizzie's arm was uplifted and fell, the knife penetrating the infant's eye. The blood spouted and the baby screamed, while the boy, now thoroughly alarmed, rushed from the house screaming and crying. Lizzie did not mind the blood, but as the baby screamed and cried it seemed to add to her delight, and she kept on slashing and cutting until satisfied, when she threw the knife into the cradle and started for the yard."

Mrs. Lewis, who had been informed of the occurrence by her son, hurried home. Lizzie met her at the gate, and clasping her little hands together, on which were spots of blood, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, dust see baby, all tut up," and she laughed and toddled into the room behind her mother, who, when she gazed into the cradle and moved back the blood-stained blankets, realized the truthfulness of Lizzie's words. Without waiting to question her daughter, she clasped the little bleeding baby to her breast and hurried across the street to a neighbor's house and leaving the little sufferer to be cared for hurried to the village for medical aid. The face was a mass of cuts and stabs from which the blood was flowing. Lizzie has always evinced a hatred for the baby and frequently told her mother that it should be cut up.

A Mild Kicker.

"I understand the old man doesn't want you to come to see his daughter," said one young fellow to another.

"That's the state of the case, but I went all the same."

"No?"

"Yes. Was there last night."

"Did he kick?"

"Some."

"Much?"

"Well, no not a great deal." was the hesitating reply; "that is, not as much as he might have done. He only kicked me from the parlor to the front door and I went the balance of the way myself."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Erysipelas is a dangerous disease. Not unfrequently does it take such a form as to carry off its victim after a period of intense suffering. Charles R. Lucas, of Zanesville, Ohio, writes: "For three years my wife has been suffering from erysipelas. She has tried numerous physicians but received no benefit from any of them. She commenced using Hishler's Herb Bitters about a month since, and is now entirely well."

Pronunciation of Afghan Names.

Cabul is pronounced Kawble; Merv is pronounced Mahriv; Herat is pronounced Heraht; Kurrachee is pronounced K'rahchy; Peshawur is pronounced Peshower. The accent on Afghanistan is on the second syllable. In such words as Bolan, Robat, etc., the accent is on the second syllables, and the "a" is pronounced broad like "ah."

Destroy that Sign.

One may feel that he's getting old, but he naturally dislikes that anything about his appearance should advise others of the fact. Yet nothing does this so effectually as thin and failing hair. No woman wants to marry a man, and business firms hesitate to employ a man, who shows this fatal sign. Parker's Hair Balsam is worth to you, in this regard, more than its weight in diamonds. Use it, and have plentiful and glossy hair. Many have had every trace of grayness removed and bald spots covered by using a single bottle.

It ought to be generally known that a man's hat will serve in most cases as a temporary life preserver to those in danger of drowning. When a person finds himself in the water he should lay hold of his hat between his hands, keeping the crown close under his chin and the mouth of the hat under water. The quantity of air continued in cavity of the hat will keep the head above water for a long time—sometimes for several hours.

Justice of the Peace.

For 25 years I have been afflicted with catarrh so that I have been confined to my room for two months at a time. I have tried all the humbugs in hopes of relief, but with no success until I met with an old friend who had used Ely's Cream Balm and advised me to try it. I procured a bottle and from the first application I found relief. It is the best remedy I have ever tried. W. C. Mathews, Justice of the Peace, Shenandoah, Iowa.

GOOD COOKIES.—One cupful butter, two cupfuls white sugar, one cupful sweet milk, one teaspoonful baking powder, two eggs, flour to roll nicely.—*Toledo Blade.*